

THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW



FALL
1937

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, FARMVILLE, VA.

THE FARMVILLE QUARTERLY REVIEW

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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Overture

October's like a gypsy maid
Who twirls her petticoats,
Along the open roads and fields
And lightly skips and floats.
She lifts her many-colored skirts,
And dances on her toes
Through sun and moon and starlight,
To tunes the gay wind knows.
And then because she's played so hard,
She's sleepy very soon,
And drops her brilliant robes to lift
Bare arms up to the moon.

—KATHERINE ROBERTS, '39

American Neutrality

JAMES ELLIOTT WALMSLEY

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THE United States has made three distinctive contributions to the world's political science: (1) the doctrine of limited power in government, that is, that no government of any kind should have power to legislate in all phases of morals and economics; (2) the federal idea, the first and only attempt to unite governments into a new government without destroying the individuality and power of the federated units; and, (3) the doctrine of neutrality, that is, the idea that not only may a nation be neutral in war of any kind but that it has the right and the duty to maintain its neutrality, by force, if necessary. New schools of thought have arisen in the last decade which claim that all these doctrines are out-moded and are impediments in the way of real democracy.

The American doctrine of neutrality dates from the Washington administration, April 22, 1793, and is usually credited to the brilliant Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson.

The earlier conception grew out of the international anarchy following the Treaty of Westphalia. Under the Roman Empire and its later animated shadow, the Holy Roman Empire, there could be no neutrality, for all countries were parts of a great system and were under obligations to decide against those nations which were in opposition to the Empire, "aggressor nations" in the phraseology of the League of Nations. But with the recognition of separate nationality and independence which came after 1648 there was no central government or court which could decide the duty of each state. Thus, the old word *neutre*, used interchangeably for "friend," came to mean not only one who was not against any certain country but, in the phraseology of the day, one "who was of neither side."

This was not real neutrality, not that neutrality which Mr. Wilson advocated in 1914 and deprecated in 1919; but it was what a certain modern school of writers has in mind in advocating the "quarantining" of anti-social nations.

Grotius, considered the father of International Law, said in 1625, "It is the duty of neutrals to do nothing to strengthen those who are prosecuting an unjust war, or which may impede the movements of him who is carrying on a just war But if the cause is a doubtful one, they must manifest an impartial attitude towards both sides in permitting them to pass through the country, in supplying their troops with provisions, and in not relieving the beseiged." Bynkershoek wrote in 1737, "the purchase of soldiers among a friendly people is as lawful as the purchase of munitions of war." Vattel, who was the international authority for the framers of our constitution, said in 1758 that the ruler of a country might give to a belligerent "the moderate assistance which he owes in virtue of a former defensive alliance" without ceasing to be a neutral.

It was this later principle which was directly responsible for the framing of our historic neutrality policy. Our Treaty of Alliance of 1778 with France obligated us to action which would have been distinctly un-neutral in the war beginning in 1793 between England and Revolutionary France. All American statesmen agreed that we must not go into this war on either side. Hamilton and his friends toyed with the idea of claiming that our treaty was with Louis XVI and the French monarchy and therefore was no longer existent with the revolutionary French government. Jefferson clearly showed that our treaty was with France and not with any particular French government and that we could not look into the question of how a country brings about internal changes of government. Washington accepted this, and we adhered to Jefferson's principle until Wilson reversed it in the case of Huerta in Mexico.

But the government's interpretation would leave us bound to take sides with France in her war. Jefferson went further in his line of reasoning and set forth that the right of a nation to be neutral must be respected by other na-

tions and that in return the United States should and would assume responsibility to an aggrieved belligerent for any damage which took place on American territory. We did actually pay nearly \$150,000 to England for damages caused in 1794 by our breach of neutral duties. But later, nearly a century later, Great Britain paid fifteen and a half million for a similar breach of neutrality duty.

With various lapses in practice we maintained this theory through our history until after the World War. The attitude and policy of the United States was in general carried out in the Hague Convention of 1907 respecting "Rights and Duties of Neutral Powers and Persons in Case of War." This policy prevented any aid on the part of our country to either belligerent, but did not prevent private individuals from crossing the frontier to fight with either belligerent, or from selling arms, munitions, and other goods to belligerent nations, subject to the possibility of capture.

An extreme and hastily conceived extension or modification of neutrality is evident in the two Neutrality Acts of January 8, 1937 and May 1, 1937. These acts instruct the government to forbid all shipment of war munitions, public or private, in American vessels to either party when the President shall declare that a state of war exists between two countries or within the limits of one country. This empowers, really compels, the President to declare a state of war between two parties neither of which admits that war exists, and war changes all existing international relations. It automatically, under our new acts, shuts off neutral trade to both parties, taking the side of the strong and penalizing the weak. China is largely maintaining her armies on the ten millions of military imports from the United States since war began, all of which must cease if we recognize war and consequently apply our new neutrality. The fact that Japan's imports are five times as great adds to the problem.

These facts include the famous "cash and carry" clause, providing that belligerents may import from the United States in their own vessels goods for which they have paid and to which they have secured title. European nations are quick to see that this policy almost allies us

with Great Britain and Japan in any wars in which they are engaged because they can, as Great Britain did in 1914-1917, secure goods impossible for either Germany or China to secure.

Critics of this recent neutrality legislation say that it is not only unfair in operation but more liable to lead us into war than the historic neutrality developed in the last three hundred years, that of leaving private industry free to trade at its own risk while the government is rigidly neutral.

Those who see moral duties in international relations revolt at any neutrality which disguises under the name of neutrality the cold indifference of the bystander who looks on with self-righteous manner while a strong man beats into insensibility a helpless cripple.

The consciousness of moral responsibility is old, but it had never been part of our official international action till in 1913 Woodrow Wilson refused to recognize a dictator of Mexico because he came into office by means which we considered morally wrong.

This same moral uplift dominated our thinking in 1917. Whether we actually went into war with Germany to defend our flouted neutrality or to rescue our endangered dollars, the popular appeal was made on the pretext that it is the duty of all forward-looking people to stand on the side of democracy and fight those who in Grotius's phrase "are prosecuting an unjust cause."

At the end of the war when a new heaven and a new earth were to come into being, we attempted to create or restore "a common meeting place for the conscience of mankind" and to form a League which would give us a new conception of international relations. The League is based on international solidarity; hence, neutrality among nations can no more exist than an individual government can be neutral on theft or murder. "In the next war," said President Wilson, "there will be no neutrals."

Article X of the Covenant of the League makes all member nations responsible for the territorial rights of each. Article XVI defines an aggressive act of any nation as war against all other member nations, and the League is to decide by Court or Committee which nation is the aggressor. Economic boycotts are to be applied against

those who are adjudged criminal nations, and no nation can escape its duty to stand on the right side. The Pact of Paris and the Argentine Anti-War Treaty of 1933 make war illegal; hence, say our moralists, it is absurd as well as morally wrong to try to be neutral.

Certain disconcerting facts, first, that committee reports in the case of Japan and Manchuria and economic sanctions in the case of Italy and Ethiopia were ineffective, second, that the United States has until in the last few weeks refused to act in conjunction with those who pass on international morality,—these and other cold facts have stood stubbornly in the way of another Holy War “to make the world safe for democracy.”

The moralist says, in the words of Mr. Roosevelt at Chicago: “There is a solidarity and interdependence about the modern world, which makes it impossible for any nation completely to isolate itself from political and economic upheavals in the rest of the world When an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in the quarantine . . . War is a contagion, whether it be declared or undeclared.”

Almost two years to a day before the Chicago address, Mr. Roosevelt said at San Diego, Oct. 2, 1935: “Despite what happens in continents overseas, the United States of America shall and must remain, as long ago the father of our country prayed it might remain, unentangled and free.”

Mr. Roosevelt’s *volte face* is typical of the America of today. The “moral protest” philosophy is apparently winning as against the isolationist’s idea of neutrality. It is impossible to advocate neutrality with its refusal to choose sides and at the same time co-operate with the League in its judgment of the aggressor and the aggrieved.

Small wonder is it that the friends of peace speak with uncertain note out of divided counsel. Of the three possible views, the League of Nations Association on Neutrality, through its official spokesmen, Professor James T. Shotwell, of Columbia, and Professor Quincy Wright, of Chicago, enthusiastically support the “quarantine” policy; six of the leading peace organizations, including the National Council for Prevention of War and the Emergency Peace Campaign, just as earnestly oppose any judgment

as to the aggressors and the aggrieved and call for the strict observance of the Neutrality Acts of 1937; another group, largely represented in the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, demands a return to historic neutrality.

Clearly America is at a crossroads. The choice of a path is as fateful as was the reversal of our policy between 1914 and 1917. On one side stand honest, capable people who believe that the only honorable way to bring wars to an end is to shut off warring nations, regardless of our sympathies or judgments, from all material that will make further fighting possible. This group would go beyond the present law and embargo all trade with any belligerents.

Opposed to these real pacifists are those who put righteousness above even peace and insist that no nation or individual can refuse moral judgment, and that moral judgment involves moral action against wrongdoers, even if a "quarantine" implies the enforcement of the "quarantine."

And then there is a group, possibly even more cold-blooded, possibly swayed by both economic arguments and by reasons of statecraft, which says that no settlement of foreign wrongs and no support of moral ideas can be worth the lives of American soldiers. Those who thus stand by neutrality of the fathers believe that neutrality is literally keeping out of both war and official judgments on war while leaving private business to take its course as in times of peace.

The American citizen and voter must choose, for refusal to choose is in itself a choice.

Cinquains

Is her
Smile meant for me,
Now? Or is it painted
There to hide her broken heart from
The world?

* * * *

Stillness
Is the answer
To my constant cry. Yet
I know he cannot speak from realms
Of Death.

* * * *

The thread
Of love that was
Once so strong has been pulled
Taut. It will break soon, I am
Afraid.

* * * *

Apart!
Together no
Longer! We played our game,
Had fun from the start; now it's through—
For you.

—ELIZABETH GEORGE WILSON, '39

Interlude

VIRGINIA AGEE, '38

ANNA pushed her heavy hair from her forehead, mopped the perspiration from her face, and went out on the small back porch of her home.

The afternoon sun was very hot. Its blistering rays mercilessly twisted the blades of the corn. Leaning against a post, Anna shielded her eyes with her hand, and looked at the steep mountain, the dusty road, and the other little houses exactly like her own. She heard the rumbling grind of the tippie and the squeak of the coal cars being coasted into line.

Turning with a sigh, Anna entered the hot kitchen and began to grease the brown crusts of the four loaves of bread that she had just finished baking. As she worked, she thought of many things. It would not be long before school opened, and six-year old Alec needed stout shoes, a new pair of breeches, and a heavy coat for cold weather. . . . The coal supply was low. So was the supply of flour. . . . The baby had been fretful lately. . . . Perhaps it was the rash on his body. . . . It was such hot weather for seven-month old babies. . . .

Her thoughts were interrupted as a fretful cry came from upstairs. Wiping her hands on her apron, Anna hurried up the narrow staircase to a darkened room that was stiflingly hot despite two wide-open windows. Between the windows was a small crib, and it was to this that Anna hurried. As she lifted a heavy baby from it, a tender smile softened her tired face.

It was such hot weather for babies! John's dark little head was as damp as the thin shirt he wore; his little face was reddish-purple from the heat and from the strain of crying.

Anna talked to him soothingly as she settled herself in a stiff rocker. She smoothed his hair as she slowly rocked. Gradually his crying ceased, and his big eyes stared solemnly into her own brown ones. Anna laughed.

Suddenly a low rumbling startled the air, and the little

house rocked slightly. Anna sat perfectly still with little John caught suddenly tight to her breast. She heard excited voices of men outside. When she looked out the window, she saw men and women and children hurrying past her house, past the office building toward the manway of the mine. She heard shrill cries: "Explosion!—Men trapped!—Black Damp!"

With her heart beating wildly in her throat and little John's weight making it difficult to breathe, Anna stumbled down the steps, out the back door, and on through the shriveled garden that had tried hard to grow. Finally, she was hurrying along with the terrified group of people.

.

How long she was a part of the silent throng that waited at the yawning black mouth of the mine Anna did not know. She only knew that her husband, Big John, her John, was in that smoking, gaseous hell-hole—John, with his straight black hair and his dark eyes that were so tender when they looked at her or at Alec or when he held little John in his arms. The bigness and goodness and faithfulness of him swept over her in a rush and left her knees weak and her throat dry.

She became suddenly conscious of the hard, painful beating of her heart—became conscious of the fact that little John, still held tight in her arms, was crying pitifully and that young Alec was pressing tightly against her thighs and clutching the folds of her big apron. Alec's eyes were big and brown and scared. Anna felt the hot tears slide from under her eyelids. She bowed her head and breathed a swift prayer.

"Oh, God, bring him out to us. He's so good and kind, and we love him so!"

"Let me take the children home for you, Anna. I'll watch them."

Anna smiled wanly into the honest, broad face of the stout woman who stood before her. Gratefully and obediently she placed little John in the stout woman's strong capable arms and disentangled Alec's fingers from her apron. Then, she turned again and strained her tired eyes on the smoking man-way.

The dark clouds that had smudged the unnoticed glory

of the setting sun carried out their threat; rain drops began beating gently against the tense bodies of the silent crowd and upon the dark shapes of the ambulances that were lined up side by side. Darkness was coming on swift wings, and yet in spite of darkness, rain, and tense nervousness, the people waited—prayers on their lips, tears in their eyes, terror in their hearts.

Old women waited, whose husbands and sons were trapped! Young women whose husbands and brothers and fathers were trapped! Miners on the outside thanking God that they worked the night shift prayed for the safety of their friends who had been trapped. Children—girls and boys—clung to their mothers and whimpered softly as they thought of their fathers and big brothers who were trapped—yes, trapped in that hellish hole.

Trapped! To be suddenly raised from your feet by the force of a mighty explosion caused by one of Nature's quirks or by the thoughtless hand of a co-worker: to feel the hurtling lumps of coal and slate bruise your head and your body: to experience the dead weight of a heavy beam upon your legs, your back, or your head: to smell the heavy gas-laden Black Damp and feel all of your senses being slowly overcome by it.

Worse yet! To hear the stricken cry of the comrade who had been beside you a moment before, and who now has his arm blown off and his leg crushed—and you, under a mountain of slate and coal, powerless to help him. To know that the body of another comrade, a close neighbor, has been mangled by a run-away motor—and worse, still, to hear the moans of the hurt and dying and to feel yourself aching in every muscle, your head throbbing, waiting—waiting—waiting for hours to hear the faint sound of the picks and the far-away voices of the rescue teams as they work with a snail-like pace, trying desperately, before the Black Damp wipes out every spark of life, to save those who still lived.

That was what being trapped in a coal mine meant—and every man, woman, and child who waited breathlessly on the outside knew it.

Great torches had been set up at the mouth of the mine, because the electric wires had been short-circuited. The bleak rain made them smoke and flicker till the gas

masks of the rescue team looked grotesque and weird. It was late . . .

Anna had hardly moved from her place. She had gratefully swallowed the steaming cup of coffee offered her and had accepted a warm shawl to put around her chilled shoulders. She had seen five men brought to the surface by the rescuers; and the faces of all five had been covered with handkerchiefs. She had heard women of her acquaintance shriek and cry and faint, and her heart had gone out to them in sympathy. Her senses had been dulled when she watched the ambulances drive hastily away, but a faint hope remained within her

All night long the rescue work went on, and, as each victim was brought out—perhaps dead, perhaps fatally injured, perhaps living—Anna's throat contracted painfully and her fingers clutched the gaudy fringe of the borrowed shawl. When a man was brought out alive, wild cheers came from the crowd; but when one was brought out dead and mutilated, the appalling silence was unbroken except for the hysterical sobs of a woman

At last the sun peered inquisitively over the steep, rain-washed mountains. Then Anna recognized the patch on the sleeve of the miner who was being carefully borne from the mouth of the mine. With a low moan, she ran to the side of the stretcher and looked anxiously into the pale, pain-etched face of the man.

"John—John—John!" she whispered over and over again. Slowly the eyes opened—he lived—oh, God—merciful God—he lived!

.

Anna pushed her heavy hair from her forehead, mopped the perspiration from her face, and once more began greasing the loaves of bread she had taken from the oven.

As she worked, she thought of many things. Alec had already been in school for a month and was doing remarkably well for such a little chap. The closets and cupboards were well-stocked with flour, oatmeal, and beans; and the coal was overflowing the bin into the back yard. The baby had been good lately. Thank goodness, the weather had become a little cooler, and the red rash had

disappeared from the baby's back, his chest, and his fat little stomach. John was working again. To be sure, he had to use a crutch since he had lost his right leg in the explosion; but Mr. McLain,—God bless him!—had found a job for him in the carpenter shop . . . Things always worked out . . . One never knew how, but they did . . .

Anna hummed as she worked. When she finished, she stepped out on the back porch of her home and looked at the steep mountains and the bright blue sky. Drawing a deep breath, she went inside and began preparing supper. Soon Alec would be coming home from school, and John would be coming home from work. Big John, her John!

A leathery skin with surface creased;
Old laces yellowed, too,
With soul shop-worn and body tired,
A person? No, a shoe!

—BECKIE SANDIDGE, '39

Sometimes I'm Old Being Young

Sometimes I'm old.
I dream . . .
I remember experiences
Far off . . .

A word
Will lift me out
Of words.
A melody
Will hold me.
When I smell
The clinging aroma
Of burning wood,
Groping, I remember
The tang of
Orange peels.

Sometimes I'm old
In being young . . .

DOROTHY WRIGHT, '39

How to Become a Bachelor

KATHLEEN SAWYER, '39

WOULD you like to be a bachelor? Then, youths, do not believe that celibacy just happens. It is not an easy art; it requires as careful planning as Napoleon's campaigns in Europe.

Being of the so-called "gentler" sex, and therefore more or less inured to woman's wiles, I extend my sympathy to those who would escape matrimony's stormy sea; and disclaiming any unusual or superior ability, I humbly offer a few suggestions to the would-be bachelor.

The trite remark, "Variety is the spice of life," may be termed the guidepost to single blessedness. Diversity is the greatest protection to the wouldn't-be-wooer. There is no girl—and I say this fearing no contradiction—who was created with so little jealousy in her make-up as to enjoy the social life of a harem. Nor is there one who delights in having her picture stand upon a dresser littered with the likenesses of other girls. As for the young man, his intentions can hardly get to the point that might be termed serious when he is torn between Helen's dimples, Janet's sophistication, and Betty's demureness.

This safeguard, however tried and true, is by no means marriage-proof. "The female of the species," my boy, "is deadlier than the male." Beware of the young woman who is convinced that you constitute her destiny. She no doubt has her father, mother, big brother, and sister on her side. When her invitations to dinner begin to increase, be wary. In accepting those invitations, you may be supplying the rope which will form a noose for your own neck.

Now if these two safeguards of bachelorhood are observed, there is a fifty-fifty chance for success. Whether you win or lose depends largely upon your tongue. Remember, reader, that it is by far your worst enemy. Let it not betray you. What matters it if the moon is bright, the night beautiful, and the music heavenly? Remember that the sweet young thing by your side was well aware of these facts when she sent you that invitation. Discuss

the stock market, the races, or Roosevelt's latest recommendation to Congress. Those are safe subjects.

But, my dear would-be-bachelor, remember this—that youth will be youth. The soothing lap-lap of the green-blue waters upon the sand may lull you into a sense of false security. A sweet summer's evening is headier than wine. If those green-blue waters lure you into making a few remarks, who can blame you? The really vital point is that no one else be around. Above all things, never let your mood linger into the next day. If, on "the morning after", the sweetness of the night before urges you to write, be careful. That sort of document is as legal as a mortgage, a deed, or a will, and it is infinitely more binding!

The aforementioned considerations I have brought before you lest you fall by the enemy's subtlety. Now let me remind you of your own sad weakness. Too often you are guilty, I know, of admiring your handsome self for long intervals in the mirror. You exert every ounce of your energy in learning how to be charming. But if you are wise, young man, you will reveal your magnetic personality only at stag affairs. Otherwise, beguiling young debutantes will be hovering around you like bees after clover. Their adulation will go to your head, and you will fall as did Anthony, Caesar, Edward VIII. See that you are not overcome!

Now if all these safeguards against marriage fail you, if she has lured you to the stage at which you are about to murmur, "Will you?", I offer one last resort—call upon your about-to-be fiancée. But not for the usual dinner at eight. Heavens, no! Drop in for breakfast at seven. See your beloved with no make-up, in aluminum curlers and last year's negligee. If this experience does not save you, then, young man, you do not want to be a bachelor, and this article is not for you.

Evening Song

Gently, the evening comes to touch the day
With soft caress; and light and shadow lie
In close embrace upon the hills; and high
Upon the mountain tops a lingering ray
Of sunlight holds the pine trees as they sway
In sweet contentment. The last swallows fly
Homeward to their mates across the sky;
All nature joins in one harmonious lay.
We walk in silence down the dim-lit lane
Your hand holds mine and your calm, knowing eyes
Hold me in their tranquillity and banish
All the cares that fret my heart. They vanish
To nothing, like the dust beneath the rain,
Our souls ascend in music to the skies.

—MARGARET SHEFFEY, '38

Browning on Immortality

DORIS CARPER, '38

LOOKING to a poet as a great teacher, readers in the late nineteenth century, strove to find one who would give them that reassurance and hope which the century had seemed to lack. To find that reassurance and hope they chose Browning rather than Tennyson, for the author of "Crossing the Bar" upheld the light of hope and trust in the worthwhileness of life less confidently than did the author of "Prospice" and "Epilogue to Asolando".

Browning, it would seem, was never assailed with doubt. His utter belief in Christianity enabled him to write of immortality with unfaltering faith. In Christianity he believed that one found man's highest ideals. As one writer has said, his theme was man, and his field was man's soul. And in all his works the beliefs and desires of the devout Christian are portrayed to the world.

From my own observation, his arguments for immortality are two, though they are not quite arguments. First, this life is inadequate for the realization of man's aspirations, purposes, and aims; therefore, there must be a life elsewhere in which these may be achieved. Second, life here cannot be enjoyed without anticipation of something beyond. Thus immortality is necessary for present happiness.

Browning's belief may be viewed in three aspects: (1) belief in the immortality of love, (2) belief in the immortality of deeds, and (3) belief in the immortality of the soul. It is the latter in which I am most interested.

Browning tries to convince us of a truth which he has intuited,

"Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
We burst there as the worm into the fly."

He reassures the readers of "Pippa Passes" that,
"God's in His Heaven;
All's right with the world."

C. Alphonso Smith said that many people on their deathbed wrote to Browning. If I were one of these, my letter would contain my great appreciation for the strength of these two short lines.

In "Evelyn Hope" we have the idea of the immortality of love and of the soul. It expresses the conviction that love can't be bound into the limits of this earth but goes beyond, becoming stronger as it passes through a series of worlds. The lover feels sure that Evelyn who lies there dead

"will wake, and remember, and understand."

"But the time will come at last it will."

In "The Last Ride Together" the lover muses on the failure of man in this world. He compares "the petty done" with "the vast undone". His conclusion is that there must be a life beyond in which man accomplishes his aims and is successful.

In "Old Pictures in Florence" Browning asserts that in the imperfection of man lies the hope of immortality. If, in a cosmos, incompleteness indicates completeness, then life indicates immortality. The very deficiency of man is an assurance for another, finer, bigger chance.

In "Saul" we find the three types of immortality, that of love, that of deeds, and that of soul—the greatest of these is soul. In this the infinite power and love of God are the sustaining forces. Man's life is spiritually infinite and of eternal value. "Saul" shows that for the realization of the fullness of life it is necessary to believe in Christ who stands as the symbol of immortality. As the Truth descends upon Saul, we see him rise from a crumpled soul to a big, upright, strong one. The effect on David himself of this great revelation, which he was chosen to prophesy, is shown in the last stanza of this great poem. To me, this description of what happened to David on the way home is the most overpowering description in all literature. The feeling that he must have had has been expressed by Browning so potently that the same feeling envelopes the reader and penetrates to his innermost emotions.

Many have compared Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" with Browning's "Prospice". Each gives the author's view

of death. Tennyson refers to death as "sunset and evening star". Browning's idea seems to be that death is merely a beginning of something far more beautiful. The idea of death as a beginning rather than an ending is much more appealing and reassuring. This poem Browning wrote in the autumn after Mrs. Browning's death. His confidence in the life hereafter had not been shattered by his grief. No, his faith had been too stalwart for that. He ends with,

"And I shall clasp thee again—
With God be the rest."

In a letter to Mrs. Browning he says something like this, "What we call death, our grave-yardy and crepe-like word for change, for growth, is necessary for the prolongation of what we call life."

When again Browning was confronted by death, he wrote "*La Saisiaz*". Miss Ann Egerton Smith, a very close friend of his, died while they were visiting in Switzerland. This poem is a message—a message of hope. Here again we are brought to the realization that the incompleteness of this life in not allowing man to realize his ambitions makes immortality necessary. It seems that a great sorrow, instead of throwing Browning into the depths of despair, enables him to give to the world his greatest expression of hope. His optimism is so deep that it can not be ignored.

"Cleon" brings out the contrast of the believer and the non-believer. The poet, Cleon, represents the Greek culture with its disbelief in life after death. Protus represents the transition period in which there was doubt but yet a searching about for a faith to cling to. Paul represents the Christian hope and faith. The effect on the life of Cleon is shown by his sense of discouragement, nonfulfillment, and fear of death. He is sure that there has been no such plan for another life, for Zeus has not revealed it to him. The sense of futility overwhelms him when he thinks of death. It is horrible, he says, to have glimpsed the capacity for infinite happiness and joy, and yet to have only mortal man's joy. According to the Christian belief, man goes on to another life and shares God's infinite love.

In the "*Epilogue to Asolando*", written just before his death, Browning tells in his own words what his life and belief have been:

“One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never doubted, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,

Sleep to wake.”

From beginning to end Browning never doubted. To us, he has given in his poems the fruits of an unfaltering faith, which bring us comfort, happiness, and optimism even in sorrow.

“Her bags stood primly by the deserted tracks, like a trio of old maids waiting with faint hope for something to happen.”

—“Life Is for Living.”—Kap Lipke

Little Jack Frost

Little Jack Frost is a cheerful sprite;
He slips through the fields and the woods at night.
He skips o'er the meadow and up the lane
And looks in at us through the window pane.

Softly he whistles a queer little tune,
While he paints all the leaves by the light of the moon.
He paints them with splashes of yellow and red
And shakes down the nuts that hang over-head.

When the old owl cries and the night is still,
Little Jack Frost trips over the hill,
Sprinkling white frost along the way,
And we know where he's been when we wake up next day.

—KATHERINE ROBERTS, '39

A Debt to Life

BEVERLY WALKER, '40

"**B**UT I tell you, Uncle John, I *love* Larry and I'll *not* give him up for a career!"

Nadine Linton shook her head so violently that the fiery curls danced about like tiny, sparkling flames, her green eyes snapped angrily at the man across the desk, and her soft voice became almost shrill as she argued vehemently with him.

"My dear," said her uncle in the tone one uses to placate a small child, "don't excite yourself. No one is asking you to give up Larry."

"Well, you might as well be asking me to do that. You know he has told me he won't marry me unless I quit the stage, and I intend to quit while I still have him. I shan't have the stage all my life, but if I marry Larry I will have him always. I don't want to end up the way Mother did!"

"Nadine!" warned Mr. Linton, a dangerous light leaping to his eyes and angry red spots staining his usually pallid cheeks.

"No, don't stop me!" cried the girl, her voice rising in command. "You may fool the public, but you can't fool me! Don't think I haven't known all along what it was that made my father kill himself! It was my mother's selfishness—and yours—yes, *yours!* When she became the greatest actress of her day as Nadine Chester, success went to her head. She clung to the stage even when she was no longer even a half-good actress—even when she was washed out! She had to keep up a good front. She spent all of Dad's money, giving him nothing in return, until he could stand it no longer. Then, when she found out that she was left all alone in this world with no way to take care of me, she did the only decent thing she's ever done—she gave me to you so I could have all the advantages that other girls have. Then she disappeared. And you saw in me the possibilities of another great Nadine! You coached me, you backed me up, you made me what I am

today, but I'm through now. I tell you—through! I've repaid you in dollars what you've given me, haven't I? Why should you want me to ruin my life just because you want more money? I don't want to end up the way Nadine Chester did! I want to quit while the quitting's good! And I'm going to!"

With that she stalked out of the room, leaving her uncle in a stunned silence. Of course, if the girl really made up her mind to quit the stage, there was no legal way he could stop her. He hadn't thought it necessary to bind her to a contract. He'd always been able to manage "Naddie", but her daughter was more head-strong than she had been. But what would he do if Nadine quit him now? He'd never been anything but a business manager for the two Nadines. Why, there was only one thing he could do! He could retire. Yes, retire on the money Nadine had made for him, but he wouldn't do that until he absolutely had to. Perhaps there was a way. Perhaps—

* * * *

Larry Hayes whistled softly as he ran down the steps and climbed into his car. Old Linton had asked him to lunch with him down town. Maybe the old boy was going to give him the parental blessing and say, "Be good to her, son, and God bless you!" About time he was seeing things their way.

John Linton greeted the tall dark youth who came striding toward his table.

"How is the world treating you, son?"

"Just fine so far, sir," Larry answered, seating himself opposite the older man.

"You *do* look like a prosperous young business man, I must say, but I'll wager business isn't all that brings that gleam to your eye!"

"Quite right, sir, and *I'll* wager you didn't ask me to lunch with you to discuss business, either."

"Larry," said John Linton, leaning forward slightly, "I have something very important to discuss with you. I doubt very seriously whether you've ever heard *all* there is to my side of the story. You see, when Nadine's mother gave her to me and asked me to take care of her, she also pleaded with me to bring her up for the stage. 'John, make

a great actress of her; never let anything stand in the way of her career.' Little Nadine, who was then nearly twelve years old, turned to me and said, 'Will you, Uncle John?' From that day to this, I have done everything in my power to carry out Nadine Chester's wishes—and Nadine Linton's, too. You see, Larry, she still wants to be the great actress that her mother was. Just this morning she broke down and cried it all out on my shoulder, telling me how much her career meant to her—how she couldn't bear to give it up—not even for you!"

"But, sir—" began Larry.

"I know this will be somewhat of a blow to you, my boy, but she asked me to tell you that she couldn't give up her career—that in all fairness to you she couldn't marry you and go on with her career."

"But she seemed so sure last night that what she really wanted to do was to give up the stage and marry me!" cried Larry, disbelief spreading over his young face.

"I know. She tried to make herself believe that, but this morning she realized that she couldn't. You must realize that the stage is in her blood—it's a part of her. I'm sorry I had to be the one to tell you this, Larry, but she said she couldn't bear to do it."

"Nadine—oh, sir, she *couldn't* have meant all of that! I've got to see her and hear it from her own lips!"

"You love her, don't you, Larry?"

"More than anything in the world!"

"Then why not try to make things easier for her?"

"Easier?"

"Yes, go away until the thing has somewhat blown over. Don't go to her now and upset her all over again!"

"Go away?" queried Larry in a hushed voice. "Go away until it blows over! Rather ironical, isn't it? One day you think you've acquired something that will last you for eternity and the next day it—*blows over!*"

For a while he sat in silence; then he said in a tired voice, "Very well, Mr. Linton, I'll leave tonight. Thank you, sir, for telling me."

"Not at all. Not at all," murmured John Linton, watching the tall figure disappear in the crowd.

* * * *

Larry, pondering over the news he had just received,

walked slowly up the same stairs which he had descended two at a time only an hour before. Opening the door, he called for Anna to come help him pack.

Ever since his mother's death, Anna had been there to help him when he needed her—a faded, tired-looking woman who was more like a second mother to Larry than a housekeeper.

"Anna," said Larry now, his usually clear eyes clouded with hurt, "Come help me pack. I'm leaving tonight."

"Leaving?" inquired Anna, her worn face crinkling with surprise.

"Yes, for Europe. And if anyone wants to know where I've gone, you don't know, hear? I'll give you my address, of course, but you're not to tell a soul—not even Father," he said flinging things into suitcases.

"What's happened, boy? You and your Nadine had a quarrel?"

"No, not exactly. But we're through—that's one thing certain! Please—don't let's talk about it!"

* * * *

That night Anna sat on the fifth row of the balcony just as she had done for every other of Nadine Linton's performances and listened critically to every word the young actress uttered. Tonight she not only listened for the flaws and perfections—but for something else—Ah! There it was. She couldn't mistake the genuineness of the sob that broke from the parted lips of the actress as she cried, "Gone—He's gone!" The audience felt it, too, thought Anna, for the woman next to her fumbled for her handkerchief.

Not waiting for the final curtain, Anna rose and made her way hastily backstage, and slipped into Nadine's dressing room unnoticed. In a moment the young girl came wearily into the room and sat down, unseeing, before her mirror. Anna waited behind the closet door—waited for the final assurance that what she was about to do was the right thing. Abruptly Nadine dropped her flaming head upon her arms and wept as no one in her audience had ever seen her weep. This was Anna's cue. Quickly she came out from her hiding place and laid a comforting hand softly on the quivering shoulder. Startled, Nadine

raised a tear-streaked face and gazed in surprise at the care-worn face that appeared above hers in the mirror. Yes, it was a care-worn face, but a face that held reminders of past beauty. The grey-green eyes had a haunting, magnetic quality as they gazed down from their bed of wrinkles into Nadine's green, wondering ones. The nose was straight and slim above the rather wide, but handsome mouth, now crinkling slightly at the corners as though to reassure Nadine. There was something about that face and that soft voice which seemed to awaken in Nadine countless little memories—memories of a woman she had almost forgotten—a woman who used to come in at nights and tuck her in her small bed before she went to the theater. Then, when she came back she would float gaily into the room, her grey-green eyes alight, her red hair glowing, to kiss her little Nadine good-night and murmur, "Some day, darling, you'll know all the joys of the theater."

"Don't cry so, my dear," Anna said, putting her arm about the girl's shoulders.

At this Nadine's sobs started anew. "How can I help it? Everything I've ever wanted is gone—gone!" she cried burying her face once more in her arms.

"Not quite!" said Anna calmly, slowly.

"What—what—! stammered Nadine, forgetting her tears for the moment.

"You young people give up too easily. To look at me one would think that everything I had ever wanted was gone. Well, that may be true, in a sense, but I'm still living, and I find that I don't want to die nearly as much as I did that day long ago when—But enough of that! It's *you* who want to die now, because you think you've lost everything. Just because you and Larry—"

"H-How'd you know about Larry?" interrupted Nadine.

"Why, I'm the Hayes' housekeeper. I've practically raised Larry. Now, just because you and Larry have had a quarrel—"

"But we haven't had a quarrel! Uncle John brought me Larry's message and when I tried to call Larry, he was *gone!*"

"Larry's message? What message?" questioned Anna.

"Why, that he realized that he could never mean as much to me as my career—that I was too much like my mother—"

"Your mother?" inquired Anna, a sudden cloud passing before her eyes.

"Yes—my mother, Nadine Chester."

"Nadine Chester," said Anna, her voice caressing the name. And then she said, "Ah, now I see. A very clever plan of John's—"

"John's?"

"Never mind!" Anna hurried on. "Larry never sent you a message of that kind. He loves you, my dear, and he always will! He's gone to Paris, and he told me not to tell any one where he is—but *you*. I don't know exactly what his plans are, but I rather think he wants you to give your uncle the slip and join him in Paris. Here's his address." Quickly she slipped a card into Nadine's hand and bent over to kiss the smooth pink cheek as she murmured, "God bless you, Nadine, and keep you—always!" Then she was gone.

Nadine sat very still looking at the white card—her ticket to happiness. That woman had given her her ticket to happiness! What was it about the woman that had stirred her so? Of whom did she remind her? Could it be—? But that was nonsense. She was only Larry's housekeeper. Larry!

* * * *

"Larry's housekeeper" walked slowly along the quiet street toward the Hayes' house. She'd go in and quietly pack her things now. She'd leave Mr. Hayes a note telling him she couldn't stay with them any longer. Larry and his wife would be coming there to live, too. Yes, in a little while she'd be leaving what to her had been home for twelve years. But she didn't feel like crying. She looked up at the starry sky and smiled, and the moonlight turned her greying hair to a fiery red as she opened the door.

The door closed softy. The outside world remained the same; stars and moon shone placidly on a calmly sleeping city, but in the heart of one a great change had taken place. Nadine Chester had at last paid her debt to Life.

SKETCHES

“What So Proudly We Hailed—”

ANNE DUGGER, '39

IN AST night I saw Company G of the home town National Guard march off to the Virginia Beach Training camp.

Fifty-three of the town's best youths filed out of the armory to cover the two blocks to the station. Although it was mid-night, Main Street was alive and stirring. Heads erect, khaki shining, the soldiers marched with precise rhythmic steps down the street. Cars holding proud families and gay friends followed the mass of brown-clad figures.

As soon as they reached the station, the troops broke ranks for fifteen minutes of leisure before the train should arrive. We had parked the automobile near the station, and as the boys scattered, we ran forward eagerly to greet the members of our crowd. These were the boys with whom we had danced, ridden, fussed, and flirted for two summer months. We gave them all of our attention tonight—examining their outfits and listening as they made plans in which we would have no part.

We sensed a difference in our boys even as we talked lightly with them. Their uniforms and their careful handling of guns and equipment, seemed to impress upon them—and us—a feeling of responsibility. It was as if they were becoming conscious of an added seriousness in their lives. All of this gave them a dignity of which we were proud. In fact we were proud of these men who had such a purposeful look in their eyes, as if they knew where they were headed and why. Their “stick-togetherness” made the women in the crowd feel small and insignificant, and we struggled to get their attention.

Suddenly a sharp command brought the company into position. The train pulled in, and the youths marched steadily into the car amid a frenzy of calling and waving.

As we watched them tramping in, a tense excited feeling ran through the crowd. There was an intangible beauty in this mass movement of which we were all conscious. At that moment, I think any one of us would have pushed brother, sweetheart, or husband to join that spirited, moving group, no matter what its purpose.

Last night I saw how war may be born in the heart of a young citizen.

Bill

VIRGINIA LEE COLEMAN

FROM the front porch of the Rectory on High Street, Bill may be seen each morning about 7:30 o'clock, sauntering up Pine Street and turning into High, pulling his milk cart along, his head up, his ears at attention, seemingly proud of the role he plays in the scheme of life. He knows all the stops of the route. His master need not bother to say, "Get up," for while he is taking in full bottles, collecting empty ones, and discussing the weather or some other subject dear to the heart of the housewife, Bill majestically strolls ahead, halting before the house of the next customer.

In parking, he scales distances with his keen bright eye, careful not to bump cars in front of or behind him, hugging the curb with intense ardor, but with judgment so exacting that one never hears the grinding of wheels nor the tinkle of glass.

Unlike many modern jay-walkers, he takes a cautious peek up and down before crossing the street; but once he decides to make the venture, he plods persistently on, confident that he has done his part and that the other fellow can be trusted to do his.

Morning after morning, rain or shine, Bill goes through this routine, always alert, considerate, and efficient, and to all appearances content with his part in the world's work.

The Proposal

NAN THROCKMORTON, '39

O H, hello Mr. Race—uh—is Josie here? Yeah, I have a date with her, but I thought—uh, I believe I will come in. What? Oh yes, this has been pretty bad weather. I hope it will clear up for the church picnic after—Uh, hello, Josie. I'm glad to see you. You were swell to let me come over tonight. Good-night, Mr. Race. Uh, ahem, I—uh—was going to take you to the show tonight; but Sis says that it isn't any good; so I kinda figured that we could—I mean, if you don't mind—I think it would be nice to just have a quiet evening here. But, if there is anything that you want to do, say so; and we can do it. You want to stay here, too. Well, uh, that's fine. Nice, I mean. It's been pretty rainy for the past few days, don't you think? I hope Monday's clear for the picnic. Oh, uh, I wonder if you'd like to go with me. You're going with Jimmy Blaine? Oh! You kinda like him, don't you? Oh, sure he's a swell fella but—nothing. Oh, I wasn't going to say anything, he's a swell fella. Look, Josie, I, uh,—oh, nothing, nothing at all. Er—it looks like it's clearing up a little don't you think. Yeah, that's what I said a little while ago. Say, listen, it's been about five years since we started going together hasn't it, Josie? Well, I was thinking it would be kinda nice if we—er—Yes, I really do think it is going to clear up and tomorrow will be a fine day. What was that I started to say? Oh, I wasn't going to say anything, honest I wasn't. Oh, all right, I was. I've been trying to ask you to—oh, Josie, I can't say it. Yes, that's it, will you marry me? How did you know that was what I've been trying to say for more than a year now? Woman's intuition? Well, it's out now—will you? Oh gee, Josie, I'm the happiest guy in the whole world. And you will go with me instead of Jimmy Blaine? Oh, you weren't going with him at all,—you just said that to make me jealous? Well, if that don't beat anything! Say, since we're gonna be married, don't you think you might kiss me now? Gee!

A Change of Heart

VIRGINIA LEE COLEMAN

"**G**ES, honey," answered old Henry, as he reverently ran a dust cloth over the beautiful old Adams chair, "Dat pictur's as much lak your granmammy as two peas is lak one 'nuther. An' a fine lady she wuz! A little high-strung, lak de hosses in ole Marse Dick's stable, but kind-hearted fer all dat, an' nevah too busy wif beaux an' parties to take broth to sick niggers or fix Christmus stockin's fer little pickaninnies."

The small, plump girl in pink gingham pajamas, turned serious blue eyes on the bent, dried-up old Henry who was standing behind the chair, his dust cloth clutched in his bony, gnarled, right hand, a far-away look in his faded shrunken eyes. Running to him and catching his free hand, she dragged his tottering form to the window-seat, pulled him down and coaxed, "Please, Henry, tell me a story—tell me the one about Colonel Gallop and Grandma."

A smile lighted up the furrowed old face, revealing toothless gums, as he scratched his grizzled head, cleared his throat, and began.

"Dat's such a long time ago, honey. De war had been ragin' for most two years, an' de Yankees wuz camped a short dissunce from Glenn Welby. You's nevah seen Glenn Welby, honey, but maybe some day your mammy will take you dar. 'Tain't at all lak dis heah house," he went on, his eyes roving around the living room of the attractive bungalow. "It has great high-ceilin'd, pannul'd walls, an' fireplaces deep 'nough to set in. Not dat dis ain't a mighty fine place. I'll allus 'member how good it looked to dis pore sick, half-starved nigger when your mammy come all de way up to Noo' Yawk an' brought me down heah an' give me a good place to stay, and odd jobs to do; but I jes' can't fergit Glenn Welby, whar I wuz borned an' brought up."

"Go on," urged the small girl, gently shaking his scraggy arm, "I want to hear about Colonel Gallop and Grandma."

"What did you do?" inquired the grave little listener.

"Well," started old Henry again, "As I said, Cunnel Gallop an' his men wuz camped near Glenn Welby. Our folks had been pushin' 'em hard. Mosby an' his rangers had jes' about licked de socks off'n 'em. Of co'se dis made Cunnel Gallop mad, an' when dat man got mad, some'n allus happened. Though he warn't sech a bad Yankee at dat. Dey say dat some uv his soldiers out raidin' one day, took de onliest hoss a poor woman had. De Cunnel heard 'em laffin' 'bout how dat woman begged 'em not to take de hoss 'cause huh husban' had been killed in de army, an' eff'n she did'n have dat hoss to plow an' work de patch wif, she an' all the chilluns would starve. He got mad as hops wif his men. Den he sent de woman a hoss an' a lettah sayin' he wushed ev'ey man in his army wuz as brave as huh.

"But as I jes' said, when dat man got mad some'n wuz doin'." Now somebody told him dat Mosby an' his men had been comin' to Glenn Welby to git hep; so, he did'n do nothin' but decide dat he would git even by burnin' all de buildings on de place. I'll nevah fergit dat day, honey. It wuz nice an' sparkly, lak October days is. I had jest hitched de hosses to de waggen to go to Marshall to git supplies."

"How far was that, Henry?" asked the little girl.

"Jest 'bout two an' a half miles. An' as I clumb on ter de waggen an' took up de lines, I looked ovah de front meader an' seed 'em comin'. What a sight it wuz, dem Yankees sittin' straight an' tall on shiny hosses, glidin' up quiet lak, de sun playin' on de glitterin' sabres. Befoah I could git myself movin', dey had reached de pickut fence, an' some of 'em had dismounten'.

"Why, honey, I run as fas' as my legs would carry me, through de kitchen, pas' de udder niggers, who mus' have thought I wuz crazy, an' on into de lib'ry, whar ole Missus an' young Miss Sarah, your Grandmammy, wuz. Dey mus' a-seed de Yankees 'fore I did, fer when I got dar, ole Missus was all crumpled up in a ball on de sofy, wif Miss Sarah standin' by soothin' huh.

"Befoh I could git up to dem or say anythin', de Yankees jes' come on in wifout knockin', Cunnel Gallop

an' de whole passel of 'em. Miss Sarah turned an' faced 'em, huh big black eyes full o' fire, an' two red spots on huh white cheeks. She wuz a tall lady anyways, but when she stood up to de Yankees dat day, she looked taller'n any woman I ever seed befoah or sence. De Cunnel, he wuz white too, an' draw'd 'bout de mouf, an' his eyes looked lak de steel in a sword. He did'n say a word till he stopped almos' in front of young missus. Den all his men stopped too, an' things wuz so still dat you could heah de ole clock in de hall tickin'. De Cunnel looked straight at Miss Sara an' said, 'I heah dis place has harbored dat devilish cutthroat Mosby an' his vile scamps, dat dey wuz heah yestiddy fer fresh supplies. Is dat true?'

"Young missus, did'n bat a eye. She jes' looked right at him an' said, 'Yes, dat's true, suh. We is Suth'ners, an' anxious to hep de cause.'

" 'You is Rebuls,' said de Cunnel, 'An' 'cause you hepped de rascals, in 'zactly five minutes, I will have my men burn ev'ey buildin' on de place.'

"At dat, pore ole missus started to shriek an' wring huh hans. But not Miss Sarah. She turned to me an' said, 'Henry, call de servants at once.'

"I started toward de do', but 'fore I got dar, somebody on de odder side opened it, an' dar dey all wuz—big black Becky, de cook, Gladys an' huh three chillun, lame Sam, de stable boy, young Belle, ole Missus' maid, an' Charlie, de gardener.

"Without waitin' a secon', Miss Sarah took charge lak a gen'rul, sayin', 'In less'en five minnuts de place will be burned to de groun'. We will git out de silvuh, as much food an' clothin' as we kin, an' we mus' pertek de animals.'

"Den she tole all uv us whut to do. Gladys wuz to git de sheets, blankuts, an' towls; Belle to find bof ole Missus' an' young Missus' close; Becky an' de chilluns to take out de vittels; Charlie an' Sam to look arter de hosses an' cows; an' I wuz to git de flat silvuh an' de ole tea servus dat had come all de way from Englan'. 'Fore she could finish tellin' me 'bout de silvuh, dat Cunnel, who wuz standin' dar lak a stature, wif his big gold watch in his han', an' all his Yankee solders jes' waitin' fer him to tell 'em when to begin burnin', said, 'One minnut is gone, madam.'

"Miss Sarah jes' glared at him an' moved toward de ole wannut desk. She tole me later 'bout what a terrubl time she had 'tween quietin' ole missus an' tryin' to find some uv de valuable papers in de desk, while dat man was a-standin' dare a-sayin', 'Two,' den, 'Three,' an' den, 'Fo'."

"Jes' arter he said, 'Fo', Miss Sarah said a thought popped in huh head. She slammed de lid uv dat desk down an' turned 'round an' said, 'Cunnel Gallop, I wuz borned in dis house, an' I have lived heah all my life. I loves it better'n any place in de worl'. I am not goin' to dessurt it now. I will perrush wif it. You need not say, 'Five'; give your orders now, Cunnel."

"Well, suh, de Cunnel almos' dropped dat big ole watch of his'n. He wuz dat surprised, he could'n tawk fer a secon'. But finally he foun' his tongue an' said, 'If you promiss nevah to let dat devilish Mosby an' his men come heah 'gain, I will spare your home'."

"But your grandmammy jes' stood huh groun', 'I will promise nothin' of de sort. I will not turn 'em away'."

"De Cunnel rubbed his han' 'cross his lip fer a secon' an' seemed to be thinkin'. Den a smile lighted up his face, makin' him real hansom' lak. He slipped de watch in his pocket, an' walked to de desk delibrut lak, held out his han' and said, 'I couldn't burn de home uv sech a brave Rebul. You win dis time'."

"He mus' a finished tawkin' jes' 'bout de time I come back wif de silvur in a canvuss bag, to see if I could hep wif ole Missus. Fer as I went through de do', I saw him an' his blue coats filin' out, jes' as dey had come."

"Miss Sarah an' me went to de long French winder an' watched 'em cross de lawn. We stood dar while dey untied de hosses an' got on. De Cunnel saw us an' raised his han' an' saluted. Den he wheeled his hoss roun' an' was gone."

"But," said the little girl sitting up very straight and pushing back a stray golden curl, "Suppose he had burned Glenn Welby with grandma in it?"

"Lawd chile," answered old Henry, "Nobody could hurt a hair uv huh head. She wuz so sperited, an' so good dat eben de Yankees wanted to help huh 'stead of hurt huh."

The Scarf of the Young Maiden

By Jacques Avril

Translated from the French by

AGNES BONDURANT, '36

DURING the past vacation we found ourselves in the country-side of Normandy, that region where every pebble has its legend, every tree its mystery. Surprised by a storm, we took refuge in the cabin of an aged shepherd and, picturesquely seated on his ample coarse woollen cloak transformed into a cushion, we awaited, without weariness, the ceasing of the rain.

Nothing was more charming than this improvised halt in the heart of the green meadows while the great drops of that heavy summer rain tinkled on the leaves of the trees like tiny mysterious bells in the hands of some invisible bell-ringer, in the heavy perfume of new-mown hay.

The storm, however, soon subsided, and as a rainbow appeared above the forest, on the now clear horizon, the old man said, "It is over, Mesdames; do you see the Maiden's Scarf shining yonder? It is going to be clear now."

"The maiden's scarf," said I, astonished.

"Why, yes! A rainbow! That is called the maiden's scarf, among us."

And without being urged, the old shepherd, leaning on his gnarled stick, told the touching story that follows:

"One beautiful summer day, a very long time ago, they were gleaning the 'Maiden's Field'; it was a field belonging to the lord's daughter, and as she was very kind, when the time came to cut the ripened grain, she had the scattering sheaves left unbound and permitted the poor of the neighboring villages to come there and glean. Accordingly, the whole harvest passed into their hands, entirely without a single sheaf of grain being put into manorial granaries. The maiden liked to come to see the gleaners; she appeared in a simple dress of fine wool and wearing as her only ornament, a white scarf with strips of the seven colors of the prism.

"Now that day, the heat was oppressive, presaging a storm;

the maiden was in the field with her humble friends, when suddenly heavy clouds appeared.

“ ‘Hurry, my friends,’ said she, ‘you will have only time enough to get under cover.’ The gleaners scattered. But, lo, at the far end down there, appeared a marvelously beautiful young maiden, her head covered with a veil, like the saints that are seen on the painted windows of our church. She held by the hand a little child more beautiful than the angels whose blond hair hung flowing over his linen tunic, white like the snow. The maiden went towards them, and as it was no longer raining, she invited them in her sweet musical voice to glean. And there the two of them, mother and child, gathered ears of grain and put them down in a pile on the edge of the field. However, drops of rain began to fall, big as half-crowns, making a loud noise on the leaves of the trees. Very fortunately, in a corner, as a part of the woods, there stood a great oak, very old and very leafy, under which they took refuge; for the rain was now pouring, the thunder rumbled in the distance, the lightning flashes streaked the sky. And, as the child took in his dimpled hand his mother’s veil beneath which to shelter his curly head, the maiden unfastened her own scarf with infinite care, and covered the head and shoulders of the dear little one, planting a kiss upon his forehead.

“Now while the mother smiled gently, behold the birds began to sing; mysterious voices, so tender and so sweet that no human ear ever heard the like, filled the atmosphere with an invisible harmonious concert. At the same time, the storm subsided, the rain ceased, the clouds scattered. And the maiden, having left her shelter to examine the suddenly bright sky, perceived, on her return, that her companions had disappeared. She heard a sound like the fluttering of wings and saw at the opposite end of the field—on the very spot where they had appeared—the child and his mother rising softly, softly, on white, flaky clouds, surrounded by angels with azure wings and cherubim with rosy wings. They were all singing a joyous hosanna. And the group went up, up into the blue sky.

“At the edge of the horizon, they all stopped, and as the maiden, who had recognized the Virgin with the Child Jesus, knelt down on the damp sheaves of grain, in silent adoration, the angels began to say together, in a loud and clear voice: ‘Blessed is she! Blessed is the good maiden, so charitable to the unfortunate! Blessed is the field of alms!’ The Virgin held

out her beautiful hands in a gesture of benediction; then the Child Jesus unloosed the scarf of the maiden from about his blond head and gave the two ends of it to two rosy cherubim who flew one to the right, one to the left, very far, out of sight. And the scarf, growing longer and longer in the boundlessness of the sky, formed an immense and marvelous arc, the arc of heavenly triumph, under which there passed, to the soft sounds of melodies of Paradise—soft, pleasing, and sweet like the song of the breezes in the forest—the Virgin and her Son, followed by the choir with azure wings, and the cherubim with rosy wings.

“Then all disappeared.

“Only, when the maiden rose up again, she saw, standing in the field, in the place of a few heads of grain, remaining on the cut-stalks, a new harvest, as abundant as marvelous. The little pile begun by the heavenly gleaners had become suddenly a tall, ample stack, the like of which had never been seen in the country.

“And the marvelous scarf continued to shine resplendently on the edge of the horizon. Since then, in remembrance of the kind maiden of the manor, wherever there are generous and compassionate souls, the Lord God wills that the Scarf of the Maiden shine after the storm before the wondering eyes of mankind.”

“But,” said I to the old shepherd when he had finished his story, “the Rainbow is older than that, Pere Jean! It dates from the flood.”

“Oh yes,” said the old man, shaking his snowy head, “yes, for the learned who read the Bible and for those in the country where Noah’s Ark existed; but among us other people of the West is found the much lovelier story that I have told you; it is firmly believed, and all our people will tell you that the Rainbow is none other than the Maiden’s Scarf, set in the sky by the Child Jesus and held there by two angels of the loving God.”

The Lesson*

EDITH ESTEP GRAY, '20

April is a lady
Possessed of every mood
From tears to sudden laughter,
By every season wooed.
Now a hint of summer:
The sun and breeze are soft;
We open up our windows;
Our spirits soar aloft.
Then in just a twinkling
The breeze is cold and chill.
We haste to close our windows;
'Tis autumn on the hill.
April is a lady;
Her moods will soon depart;
We know she's just coquetting,
That summer has her heart.

May's a sweet young matron,
All tenderness and bloom.
Her hands are filled with flowers;
She banishes all gloom.
Through her we feel life's essence:
It is of her a part.
She is both wife and mother,
And summer's own sweetheart.

June's a fair young maiden.
Her mother is sweet May;
Summer is her father;
They guide her joyous way.
Thus we have a cycle:
'Tis nature at her best.
Oh, let us heed the lesson.
We shall be truly blest.

**Awarded the 1937 Poetry Prize offered by the Virginia Federation
of Women's Clubs*

BOOK REVIEWS

THIS is a time when the attention of all loyal Virginians is turned toward the capitol of the state. For just two centuries ago, in 1737, the city on the James was founded by Colonel William Byrd. As our part in its bi-centennial celebration we present the following group of reviews. Each of these reviews is closely connected with Richmond, having the city for a subject or for a setting.—The Editor.

THE RICHMOND GUIDE BOOK — Louise Nurney Kernodle, Richmond, Virginia: Central Publishing Company, 1937, \$.25.

THIS booklet is not only an invaluable guide to the places of importance in Richmond, but it also contains interesting facts and historical stories—many of them new even to the natives of the city. Even a brief survey may show why it is used in many schoolrooms of Virginia.

The first division gives a history of Richmond; the second division enables the reader to see the present city through the eyes of the author—its buildings, battlefields, statues, monuments, parks, and streets. A unique feature of this guide book is a group of well planned tours for the visitor to the city. A section entitled "Facts about Richmond", giving the population, area, industries, etc., completes the information contained in the booklet.

Photographs are amply scattered throughout the pages. The city skyline, the Virginia state capitol building, the Museum of Fine Arts, Monument Avenue, and St. John's Church are among the subjects pictured.

Although advertisements of the Richmond business houses often vie with the other material in gaining the reader's attention, one may overlook this fault when one takes into consideration the value of the work as a source of information and enjoyable reading.

—ANNE DUGGER, '39

CONFEDERATE LEADERS—Sally Bruce Dickinson, Staunton, Virginia: McClure Company, 1937. Pp. 198, \$2.

FOR a survey of facts concerning the Confederacy one may turn to Miss Dickinson's CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

In an interesting manner Miss Sally Bruce Dickinson of Hampden-Sydney brings us brief and definite sketches of the lives of our great Southerners. She not only tells of the incidents in the lives of well-known men, but she also points our attention to the lesser known men of the Confederacy who deserve notice. She also gives information about the Confederate navy, post office, ordnance, hospitals, uniforms, flags, and artillery.

The book is concise; the facts are given briefly and directly. Unlike many books of this type, this one leaves out the writer's personal opinions almost completely.

—FRANCES DUDLEY, '41

BUGLES BLOW NO MORE — Clifford Dowdy, Boston, Mass.: Little, Brown, and Company, 1937. Pp. 493, \$2.50.

THE novel, "Bugles Blow No More", graphically depicts Richmond when that city was the capitol of the Confederacy. The author is himself a Southerner, a native of Richmond. The love he has for his people and for his state gives his book an emotional depth and sincerity which is lacking in many more objective works.

This city is portrayed as a gay, aristocratic town immersed in poverty, with its stately homes turned into hospitals, and with its lovely ladies who, as nurses, used their fine linen for bandages and their furniture for fuel. Ingenious substitutes were made for food. It seems hard to realize that starvation led the women of Richmond to riot for bread and to break into stores to take anything they could find.

Throughout this revealing novel one feels the love of the Southern people for such men as "Stonewall" Jack-

son, J. E. B. Stuart, and Robert E. Lee. The reader sees the war from the points of view of many different types of people, among them such characters as Parrimore, medical supplies racketeer, St. George Paxton, the banker, and Judith Kirby, whose lover is killed.

It was inevitable that at such a stormy time Mildred Wade with her aristocratic background and her stately home on Franklin Street, should meet the fiery passionate Brose Kirby, clerk in her father's warehouse. Her love for this dark, attractive man, her "black 'un", was complete in itself, defying all conventions. As Mildred said, "It was different when people's lives went on in security. Then they were bound by family ties and duties that stretched back into the past. Now we have no past. As you said, we have only today." After reading this book I can never pass the Centenary Methodist Church without recalling the meeting of Mildred Wade and Brose Kirby beneath its protecting shadows on a snowy night as the song, "Lorena", drifted softly through the crisp night air. Walking down Sixth Street, I can't help feeling a thrill on looking at the old armory, which is still in use today, nor can I help feeling the shadowy presence of those old Richmond Blues and Howitzers who fought so bravely for what they considered right.

On looking at the skyline today, it is difficult to understand how it looked to the defeated soldiers straggling in from Appomattox by Mayo Bridge. The city overrun with Yankees and black with ruins of fire presented a dismal outlook to the weary soldiers returning to rebuild their broken lives.

—ALPHA LEE GARNETT, '39

"Rags make paper; paper makes money; money makes banks; banks make loans; loans make poverty; poverty makes rags."

LIFE OF ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, by Henry H. Sims.
Richmond, Virginia: The William Byrd Press, Inc.,
1936. Pp. 234. \$3.

SOUTHERN policies during the ten years immediately preceding 1861 needed the guidance of sincere, indefatigable men. Three such men, Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs, and Robert M. T. Hunter, "assumed the direction of Southern affairs" during that period and became known as the "Southern Trio". Hunter is the only one of the three who has been omitted as a subject for biography. Mr. Sims believes that Hunter is "well worth a biography", not only because of his admirable personal qualities, but also because of his outstanding public service for over thirty years.

Robert M. T. Hunter's extensive political career began in December, 1834, when he was elected to the legislature of his own state, Virginia. In the legislature he proved to be a logical Whig. His value was recognized, and the people of Virginia sent him to Congress for eight years. He applied himself so valiantly to the problems of national legislation that during his second term he was elected Speaker of the House. Another advancement found him in the Senate for fourteen years, during which time he eloquently voiced the opinions of the South and the slaveholders. During the Civil War, he served as Secretary of State of the Confederacy.

Although Mr. Simms has given us a very informing work centering around Hunter, he has not glorified his subject into a war-time hero. He has vividly and simply depicted a man who used his financial knowledge, his firmness of conviction, and his business experiences to advance the principles for which he sincerely felt the Union had been formed.

—LILLIAN ANDERSON, '39

GLOUCESTER COUNTY (VIRGINIA)—Mary Wiatt Gray, Richmond, Virginia; Cottrell and Cooke, Inc., P. 243 \$1.50.

IN writing "Gloucester County (Virginia)", Mary Wiatt Gray has given us a book full of intense interest to all who love to read Virginia history. It is also of special import to teachers.

The author had three main ideas in mind when compiling this volume: first, to collect, add to, and have ready for reference the many legends, facts, and tales about Gloucester County; second, to make the narrative simple enough for children to read; third, to help the public school teachers of Gloucester County, and possibly Mathews County, appraise adequately their environment.

The history begins with descriptions of the Indians, including the story of Pocahontas, the first Gloucester heroine, and ends with a description of the present public school system. There are also interesting chapters on the government of Gloucester, on the sons and daughters of the county, and on Gloucester's attractions to tourists and settlers.

Although the author succeeds in making the narrative simple enough for children, her book is not dull for adult readers. A unique feature is a group of blank pages after each chapter for the children to fill in for themselves.

—JACQUELIN JOHNSON, '38

LOST COVERS, by Edna Lee Turpin. Illustrated by Victor Perard. New York: Random House. 1937. Pp. 288. \$2.00.

FOR more than a decade Edna Lee Turpin's realistic stories of Southern life in town and country have been favorites among juvenile readers and have been recommended as wholesome and pleasant reading in the pages of the *Bookman*, the *Outlook*, the *Nation*, and other magazines. *Lost Covers*, her latest story, was chosen by the Junior Literary Guild as the most distinguished book for boys and girls published during mid-summer. In content, it is off the usual trail of the ordinary juvenile story, the plot centering in the search for a missing Confederate stamp by two children of the present day in Richmond, Virginia. This charming narrative of an eventful year in the life of the Allen family will interest young readers who enjoy a good story of mystery and adventure. It will appeal to young and old who pursue the "king of hobbies and the hobby of kings"—stamp collecting, for here is accurate information about rare stamps. Miss Turpin acknowledges her indebtedness to Mr. August Dietz, well known stamp expert, for the information and for permission to use twenty Confederate "locals" as end-pieces for the chapters. Interwoven with the story are authentic bits from Richmond's romantic past. These, together with the exquisite Victor Perard line drawings in color of historic landmarks and scenes and an end-paper map, enhance the value of the book to readers this year when the city celebrates the two-hundredth anniversary of its founding. In a word, *Lost Covers*, in format, in content, in style, deserves the honor accorded it by the Literary Guild.

—MARY CLAY HINER, '04

I Wished for Wings

I wished for wings; I longed to fly;
I thought I'd never stop if I
Could just have wings!

I'd have a nest high in a tree
If only God would give to me
A pair of wings!

I'd never have to ask for pie
For ice cream I would never cry
If I had wings!

And then, one night I had a dream:
I couldn't eat peach pie or cream
'Cause I had wings!

I had a nest high in a tree
And hunters came and shot at me
'Cause I had wings!

So God, I now give thanks to Thee
Because I'm what I'm meant to be
And don't have wings.

—BECKIE SANDIDGE, '39

After All

Glad I spent
My pennies
Buying silly things
To wear.

Glad I learned
My lesson
And learned
I mustn't care.

Glad I know
That I can
Live and never
Once complain.

Glad my heart's
Been broken!
Glad 'twill
Break again!

—MARGARET PRICE, '37

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